Bene. Come,will you go with me?

Claudio Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next willow,about your owne busines, county: what fashion will you weare the garland of? about your necke, like an Vsurers chaine?or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarffe? you must weare it one way,for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio I wish him ioy of her.

Bened. Why thats spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sell bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue serued you thus?

Claudio I pray you leaue me.

Benedicke Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that stole your meate,and youle beate the post.

Claudio If it will not be, ile leaue you. *exit*

Benedicke Alas poore hurt foule,now will hee creepe into sedges: but that my Ladie Beatrice should know me,and not know mee: the princes foole!hah, it may be I goe vnder that title,because I am merry: yea but so I am apte to doe my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed,it is the base(though bitter)disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so giues me out: well,ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince,Hero,Leonato,Iohn and Borachio, *and Conrade.*

Pedro Now signior,wheres the Counte, did you see him?

Benedicke Troth my lord, I haue played the part of Ladie Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true,that your grace had got the goodwil of this yoong Lady,and I offred him my company to a willow tree,either to make him a garland,as being forsaken,or to binde him vp a rod,as being worthie to bee whipt.

Pedro To be whipt,whats his fault?

Benedicke The flatte transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest,shewes it his companion,and he steales it.

Pedro Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression

sion is in the stealer.

Benedicke Yet it had not beene am made, & the garland too, for the gar himselfe,and the rodde he might hav (as I take it) haue stolne his birds ne

Pedro I wil but teach them to sin owner.

Benedicke If their singing answe you say honestly.

Pedro The ladie Beatrice hath a tleman that daunst with her, told he you.

Bened. O shee misused me past an oake but with one greene leafe o her: my very visor beganne to assum she tolde me,not thinking I had be Princes iester, that I was duller tha iest vpon iest, with such impossible I stoode like a man at a marke, w at me: she speakes poynyards,and breath were as terrible as her termi ing neere her,shee would infect to not marry her, though shee were in had left him before he transgrest, cules haue turnd spit, yea, and hau fire too: come,talke not of her, you Ate in good apparell, I would to coniure her, for certainely,while sh as quiet in hell,as in a sanctuarie, a pose,because they would goe thith horrour,and perturbation follow

Enter Claudio and

Pedro Looke heere she comes.

Benedicke Will your grace com worldes end? I will go on the slig typodes that you can deuise to sen tooth-picker now from the furth